



ALCESTER
GRAMMAR SCHOOL
RECORD.

PRICE—SIXPENCE - - - - - EVERY TERM.

ALCESTER,
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ALCESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL RECORD.

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SUB-EDITOR—Miss Evans.

COMMITTEE—Margaret Farquhar, Molly Alison, Marjorie Burke, R. H. Mander, E. Nicklin, R. H. Jephcott.

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EDITORIAL.

At last after an interval of more than two years the School Magazine is to appear again. The Editor has much regretted this enforced closing down as there has been no lack of promising young writers, who would have provided an ample supply of excellent material; but the expenses of production were too heavy. Now, however, we are making a fresh start, and hope to produce two or three numbers a year as previously.

The two years that have just passed have been anxious and trying ones for many of us at the School as for others, and they have been momentous ones for our country and for the world.

The troubles and difficulties that we have passed through have taught us all lessons which one hopes will not soon be forgotten. We have learned to give, we have learned to help, we have learned to sympathise, as never before. As a School we have much to be thankful for in that of those sons of the School who risked their lives for their country, all but three have been permitted to come safely through the terrible ordeal of the war.

It has been very pleasant to have Mr. Gibbons, Mr. Walker and our school caretaker, Mr. Ankcorn about amongst us again, and next term we shall welcome back Mr. Hall. But there is no rose without a thorn and we shall one and all regret the loss of Mrs. Lloyd, who has so identified herself with the School during the three years she has been here.

The past year, though it will always be famous for the signing of the Armistice, has in other respects been a most unfortunate and disagreeable one

for us, chiefly owing to the extreme prevalence of influenza and other forms of illness, and the consequent serious interruption of school work. In the Autumn the School had to be closed for three weeks.

The weather conditions also have been continuously bad. We can only hope that we shall be repaid by having a glorious summer.

IN MEMORIAM.

NORMAN A PERKS was a pupil at the Grammar School from January to December, 1915. Though not long in the School he always gave the impression of being a steady reliable boy. He was athletic, and took a very active part in games, being a valued member of the football eleven. On leaving school he spent some time at home, and then went to work with the B.S.A. at Redditch. In October, 1917, he joined the the Warwicks, was transferred to the Devons, and later to the 12th Battalion London Regiment (The Rangers), with whom he served in France from April to September, 1918. He met his death gallantly in action, on September 12th, 1918, at the early age of 18 years.

CECIL J. W. BAXTER was at the Grammar School from February 1914 to October 1918. He entered the School with a Perkins Scholarship, and soon gained the reputation of being a steady and diligent pupil, being especially good at Science and Mathematics. He was a member of both Cricket and Football Elevens, a Scout Patrol Leader, and Head Boy of the School.

His death occurred on Sunday, November 3rd, from pneumonia following on influenza.

ROLL OF HONOUR.

The following is a list of those members of the School who joined the forces during the War :

J. F. Gibbons	A. L. Berridge	E. Richardson
T. H. Gostling	D. F. Cook	E. G. Baseley
A. O. Haslam	J. Ankorn	F. T. Woodfield
S. Hall	W. Cowper	H. Thomas
W. J. Sheard	R. Horne	W. P. Heard
P. J. Perks	E. J. Bird	W. H. Wadams
R. G. Hughes	K. Hall	W. E. Corbett
J. H. Hayes	N. A. Perks	A. C. Tomlin
R. W. Russell	N. C. Collins	G. E. Farmer
R. G. E. Payne	E. S. Walker	A. E. Staff
	H. E. Whitehouse.	

If there are any other name that should be added to the above the Editor would be glad to know of them.

As a further memorial of those who served in the war lime trees are to be planted round the school playing field. It is hoped that these will serve to keep their memory green for many a long year, and also provide welcome shade during hot summer days for future generations of girls and boys at A. G. S.

SOME "HOSTELITES."

This is going to be neither learned nor witty, imaginative, nor even descriptive—instead it is going to be an attempt on my part at something far more ambitious than either of these, an attempt to show you just a few of the people at the Hostel, to let you see them with my eyes, so that when you have seen them you may judge what kind of life it is we forty girls lead here in the one-time residence of His Grace the Bishop.

The great difficulty is where to begin. However, no-one will, I think, blame me unduly if I give precedence to my own year. First and foremost therefore comes "Beechy," otherwise known as Beatrice, who in her own small person displays so many traits of originality, so many good points, such a naive simplicity of mind and outlook together with such pronounced opinions and ways of expression as to make her both the despair and joy of us all. Indeed "Beechy" is unique. She has the simplicity and utter fearlessness of a child coupled with the outspoken character of the North, while she joins to this also a shrewd common sense, totally out of keeping with the rest of her nature. Coming from a remote village on the eastern coast of Yorkshire, with no brothers or sisters of her own and, as it seems, few playmates of any sort, she has developed along remarkable lines. She is a great theologian and delivers her dictum on such matters

with an unconscious drollery which, at study teas provokes us to uncontrolled mirth, which in turn, provokes "Beechy" to indignation. Sometimes she is a source of annoyance by reason of her intense conscientiousness. Because gas is dear we are exhorted by the warden to 'save gas,' "Beechy," on a proposal by some other inmate of the study that the gas should be lit, will be the only one to raise a dissentient voice, and when it is bruited from the same source that a coal strike is imminent and the question of the fire being or not being mended arises, it is "Beechy" who acts as the guardian of coal-scuttle and resolutely vetoes any suggestion that it should in any way be lightened of its burden. On such occasions she is gently but firmly reminded that warden or no warden, according to law 1 of the constitution "the will of the majority shall prevail." Not even then does she give way without a struggle, for quite ten minutes after we hear disconnected murmurs from her direction. But we all appreciate her, for her many virtues make us take no account of her peculiarities. In the first place she is particularly kindhearted, though never to the point of foolishness, nor would she ever think of deceit or falsehood. Indeed she carries truthfulness almost to a fault, for she will often tell us, what to say the least of it, is quite unnecessary, even if good for us to know. One thing however experience has taught us concerning her; this, that we may rely on her never to say anything behind our back she dare not say to our face. We know if anything is said of a person by her, it must needs be as good as true as the heart which prompted it. In person "Beechy" is small and round but sturdily built, in colouring of a pure Saxon type, rarely if ever met with now-a-days, with very fair, almost silvery hair, clear, wide open and utterly fearless blue eyes, a very white skin and cheeks whose healthy red never varies.

In collision with her ardent impetuosity of temperament comes another type totally different, the clash between the two temperaments is always ardent and fairly violent on the one side, on the other cool and very deliberate. Perhaps the chief characteristic of Edna is her deliberacy, if there is such a word, for everything about her, her way of speech, even her very walk is slow, deliberate and unruffled. Has she any work to do, she will take at least four times as long as anyone else. I have never known her hurry, never seen her perturbed. She has the air of a person who finds the world and the people in it very humorous indeed, nearly always a smile is lingering

round the corners of her mouth or twinkling from her eyes.

Nor must the third of the trio be forgotten, little quiet Erica, who while the rest of us are more or less noisy, is content to sit on some low chair, her small hands demurely folded in her lap, intent, we presume, on some philosophic train of thought—for to such things does her mind lean. It is she who in her quiet way, by some remark very much to the point, can quench any undue exuberance on the part of the rest of us.

Then there is E. A. U., bored with life and youth, weary of everything except work, of which she never tires. Her tastes are set high above margarine, and while the rest of us revel in an extra pat, she sits aloof, in the arm-chair of which she has the monopoly, consuming (this also at study teas), her usual allowance of two pieces of dry toast.

Nor must the baby of the establishment be forgotten, baby not so much because of her years as her ways, Doreen, Irish, impulsive and affectionate, who can never be praised or petted too much, and who compels liking even when she provokes disapproval. And what should we do if it weren't for the two Medicals? It is they who keep half the Hostel awake at night by reason of their continual pranks, and they who are at the bottom of every midnight apparition or disturbance. Then there is Margaret, a "Science person," ever dainty, ever busy, one who hates poetry and adores hockey. With her goes loquacious D. A. C., ever lamenting some new misfortune, ever addressing remarks to no-one in particular, who, from early morn till late at night regales her cubicle neighbours with snatches of song, and who resolutely refuses to be silenced even when missiles are hurled in her direction.—So much for some of the freshers.

Now we come to the august body of the rest of the House. It is with awe that I should approach such personages, but in reality, except for the accumulated wisdom of an extra year or so, they are very little different from us. There is Mary, tall and fair, ever ready to help even the lowliest and meekest of freshers, who visited us when we had "fle," a time when others carefully absented themselves, and who at this present time is dealing out wise advice concerning the coming examinations, which is calculated to bring us all a "first."

Neither can we forget the Artist of the Hostel, the only genius we have, who, in a moment of great internal strife, drew up a constitution by which we govern ourselves. In everything she is artistic,

both in her personal tastes and in her outlook on the social and moral problems of life. Her acquaintances number artists and historians. Humour has it that she even goes out to tea with them, while it is known for a fact that she has written two chapters of a new and shortly to be published work on Social History. To most of us she is a problem, to only one a friend, to some an object of envy, to all of admiration, even if it be somewhat grudging, and to not a few she is a passion. Whether conscious or unconscious of all this ferment, she goes on her way serenely, hindered by none and hindering none. Hers is that type of personality which must always fascinate, puzzle and repel.

Any account of Hostelites would be incomplete without the inclusion of the Senior. So generally beloved is she for her gentleness, and her never failing humour that although less fitted for the place of Senior than others in the Hostel, she holds it by virtue of her universal popularity and receives without any exercise of compulsion on her part, the unhesitating obedience of the whole House, which would in all probability be denied to another.

A MILD PROTEST.

There's a swirl in the fifth form atmosphere,
The door, with a crash like the crack of doom
Is shut. From a vacant desk 'tis clear
That somebody must have left the room.
No eye could follow that lightning rush,
We can but observe the whirl it leaves.
We hear the bell ring. A moment's hush,
Then again the disturbed element heaves
As meteor-like shoots into our gaze
A dark streak. Back to its place it swerves.
Now, though we admire the speed it displays,
We find it injurious to our nerves,
That this should occur every hour or so.
In future, dark streak wilt silently go?

M. F.

"THERE WAS A SOUND OF REVELRY BY NIGHT."

It was the last night of the Autumn term. The Upper southern dormitory was gay in the extreme. Holly, mistletoe and every conceivable kind hung in profusion from each gas bracket in the narrow corridor. The whole place was brilliantly lighted from end to end.

During the earlier part of the evening everyone in the "dorm" had been busily packing trunks, but

now the place presented an aspect of a very different character.

All were arrayed in dressing gowns, and gaily coloured bows securely fastened up the "flowing tresses" of every Upper southerner. Impulse prompted all to action; dancing soon became the prominent feature; singing, shouting and laughing took their respective places in the background. The whole dormitory rang from end to end; the hub-bub steadily increased; the dancing subsided and singing took the foremost place. The ecstasy heightened, the excitement grew apace, until the whole building echoed and re-echoed with the noise.

The ring of the "silence bell" produced no effect. Indeed it was scarcely audible above the confusion of the moment.

But such a state of affairs could not exist for long. The continued and unmistakable "sh-sh-sh-ush", from the "mother" and "aunt" of the dormitory, gradually reduced the pitch of excitement. Little by little the noise grew fainter and still more faint, until it had altogether subsided, and peace and quietness once more reigned supreme.

The time was 10.30 p.m.; half an hour past the usual bed-time. One by one the several lights went out and the members of the "dorm" after seeking their own "cubes" at last "slumbered and slept."

Quickly, almost too quickly, the hours of the night sped along.

Suddenly—silently—stealthily—the curtains at the entrance of each "cube" were drawn aside. One by one in slow procession the upper Southerners wended their way down the wide, stone staircase. The swish-swish of dressing gowns sounded ghost-like in the quiet night air, but the procession marched on scarcely heeding the noise.

At last the drawing room door was reached but—horrors!! it was locked. With terrified looks and bated breath, a search was made for the key. On finding it, the door was opened—silently—noiselessly. In crept the solemn band. Behind—the door was shut and locked; the fire was kindled; and the feast was spread. Scarcely a word was spoken, except in whispers,—for the rest were wrapt in sleep.

Towards 1 o'clock all signs of the feast had gone, and now, as is the custom, old legends and stories were told; tales which were grim and ghostly; tales which brought the life of past generations vividly to the mind. Thus quickly the minutes sped on and at last with weary, lagging footsteps the little party returned to rest.

E.F.
G.C.

GRAMMAR.

Grammar—it is described in the dictionary as "the art of speaking or writing a language with propriety." Sounds very nice, I don't exactly agree though. I don't believe in being so complimentary. It is one of the biggest bores I have ever come across—especially where French is concerned—always cropping up where it isn't wanted.

I write a brilliant composition—so I think. I get poor for it. Why on earth? I took hours over it. Of course I demand what is wrong with it?

"Oh! the matter is quite good but the grammar spoils it," I get for an answer. Of course I go through a long rignarole of this, that, and the other—much for my edification and all through that horrible grammar. It bothers everyone from form I. to IV. B. I can't answer for the great personages above us. It suppose it bothers them, or do they enjoy the privilege of not being found grammatically wanting? I am sure I don't.

Grammar always appears to be an endless uninteresting necessity—all exercises and relative pronouns. Though, after a lot of drumming in, one remembers enough to carry one through the next lesson, and then it goes like a puff of wind.

Still "labor omnia vincit" I suppose. Grammar is included.

M. B.

AN ILLUSION.

A pale-green light suffuses the bare tunnel-like passages, that stretch away till the vista is blocked by a dark and massive door. Beyond that, what mysteries may not lurk, what dangers befall the intrepid adventurer? For this, surely, is the palace of the Ocean King, and the monotonous roar that I hear around and above me is the voice of a mighty mass of water, separating me from the upper world. What are those spectral forms that drift towards me? Their dripping hair hangs dankly around them; they are clad in sombre black. Are they attendant nymphs, or wraiths of the shipwrecked? I hear the low murmur of a running stream. Then wild shrieks burst upon my ears, shrieks as of souls in torture—surely I know those piercing tones—yes, now my illusions are dispelled; those Lower School voices are familiar! the running stream, I realise is the undercurrent of conversation—the sound of the roaring ocean waters is the wind rushing through Warwickshire elms. Those forlorn nymphs are clad in lab. overalls, because they have no other

change at school. In short, the time and place are resolved into the familiar school building, shortly before the Prayer-bell, on a pouring wet morning.

M. F.

“ZEPPS.”

Bang! crash! clatter!

These were the sounds that inopportunately disturbed our peaceful thoughts on a mild August night.

In indistinguishable terror we leapt to our feet even as a second ominous crash burst upon our ears.

A raid! Zepps! apprehensively groaned one comfortless creature in our midst.

It was only too true; again and again came the clatter of breaking glass and the thump of heavy material as it fell to earth.

The terrible realisation that the next moment would probably be our last burst upon us. We shrieked in terror as a louder bang than before almost deafened us.

Suddenly, as if by magic, silence reigns. Is the attack over? are we safe? these and a dozen other conflicting questions cross our minds. Another minute and we are sure of it, and the bravest amongst us creeps out of the room to ascertain the amount of damage done and the near escape we have had.

The next moment we hear a cry of astonishment and hastening out we stumble right on top of a heap of broken bottles. A little farther on we find the explorer standing in a pool of some liquid which turns out to be ginger-beer.

Then in a flash we realise that there has been no air-raid but simply a catastrophe among the home-made ginger-beer.

University College of Wales,
Aberystwyth,
Feb. 14th, 1919.

Dear A.G.S.

For over a fortnight I have been racking my brains to think of something to write about for the School Magazine. I have entreated everybody in my study to give me some inspiration and the suggestions that I have received have been many and various. One solicitous friend was most anxious that I should give an account of sunsets at Aber. But I have some doubt as to whether this would exactly thrill you, and I am perfectly certain that it would bore me intensely. As you see I have been reduced to writing this epistle. The Hall where the

girls live stands at the end of the promenade, right on the sea front, and the College is at the other end of the promenade. At nine o'clock in the morning the promenade presents a most animated picture. Everybody is frantically trying to reach College before nine o'clock, if they are unfortunate enough to have a “niner,” (9 o'clock Lecture), that is. The girls are armed with enormous attache cases, but the men are content to carry their books under their arms, usually dropping valuable papers on the way down.

Before I give you an account of our “academic duties” as the prospectus describes them, I must warn you that they by no means constitute the most important part of College life. In fact they fade into insignificance when one remembers all the other things that we do here. Occasionally when one realises that the terminated examinations take place in five weeks time, one is seized with a spasm for work but the fit soon passes and one returns again to a natural state of life. The popularity of lectures depends on three fundamental principles (1), the lecturer; (2), circumstances of time and place “niners” are regarded with the greatest repugnance; (3), the subject of the lecture. The Latin lectures excite by far the most attraction. The intermediate Latin room is invariably crowded, and according to the College prospectus over a hundred students are “pursuing a course” in Inter-Latin. Among the devotees of Inter-Latin we find superannuated seniors in their fourth year, who, although they may be taking Honours English, are still attempting to pass their Inter-Latin examination. It is reported that the examiners will pass you when you have sat for Inter-Latin for ten years, so everybody lives in hopes. At present envy and jealousy are rife among the Latin students for, owing to the size of the class two lecturers have been appointed. The first is old, very bald and painfully slow. He drones on and on “and when these things had been done Cæsar sent messengers,” &c., his words interspersed with little, short, coughs. During a lecture, even more depressing than usual (it was just after we had influenza), some bright spirit conceived the idea of counting his coughs. I think they had reached a hundred and forty-nine by the end of the lecture. The other lecturer is young, bashful and tenderly solicitous for his class. He has twice been mistaken for a fresher, much to his own gratification. His lectures are so popular that he has already been compelled to seek a larger room. By great good luck I have managed to get into his class, much to

envy of those who still have to endure the gentleman with the cough.

All the Lecturers have their own idiosyncrasies. One professor is apparently of a very cold disposition, for he invariably lectures in an enormous great coat, a lengthy knitted muffler, and a pair of mittens.

On Wednesday and Saturday afternoon everybody repairs to the playing field. We are very keen on games here, and the College football and hockey teams are training hard ready for the inter-college matches. We see hatless and breathless figures racing up and down the prom. in the early hours of the morning, and we sympathise heartily when we hear of the noble way in which they ration themselves.

I should like to give you some idea of the soirées, the meetings of the literary and dramatic society, the sports, promenade concerts, and amateur dramatics which fill up our spare time. As it is, the clock has just struck ten, and I am expecting the lights to go out every minute.

Good luck to the School!

A.P.J.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Nature lovers please note! The usual period of incubation of the coal-tit. M.K.A. informs us is 21 years.

There is in the Sixth Form an ardent admirer of "Shakespeare's sound, colour—and smell."

A chipped corner of the slice of "petrified wedding cake" in the Fifth Form Meuseum has been brought to our notice. Which hungry member of the form is responsible for this?

It is hoped that the imminence of half-term exams. was not the cause of the extraordinary spread of the epidemic—which in fact simply "flu" t5rough the School.

We would like to know—

Whether the heat wave in the summer was accountable for S.H.'s translation of *paroles de paix* as "straw parasols"?

Whether the display of bare knees every Friday afternoon in the Fifth Form room had a subconscious influence upon E.B.'s version of "lawful" as "*legimat*."

Whether there is truth in the rumour that dis-used plates from the dining-room will be used as circular saws?

We have *heard* that a second Hector has appeared in mortal form: to be exact, in the Upper Fourth form.

What suitable *punishment* could be inflicted on those who comment on the contrast between the "boysterous" Fifth Form of this year and the "girlsterous" last year's ditto? We do not consider these remarks in accordance with good form.

SCHOOL NOTES.

We were glad to welcome Mr. Walker and Mr. Gibbons back at the beginning of the term, but regret that the latter is staying for so short a time.

The School has a caretaker once more; Mr. Ankorn has come back.

Mr. Hall has been demobilized, and will re-join us at the beginning of the Summer term.

We are all very sorry that Mrs. Lloyd will be leaving us this term.

Perks has been demobilized and is working at Redditch.

Heath is studying at Bristol.

Hall is still in France, at Rouen.

Whitehouse is in the Isle of Sheppey, working in the Army Pay Corps.

Cowper is still at the wireless station, near Leiston, Suffolk.

Cook is in hospital at Farnham, his wounded leg still refusing to be healed, and causing him much suffering. He has our sincere sympathy.

Horne when last we heard from him was stationed at Brussels.

We understand that Staff will shortly be going to Hill & Smith's Iron Works, at Brierly Hill. He is at present deep in the mysteries of geometrical drawing and building construction.

Marjorie Hall and Laura Bennett are teaching at Crabb's Cross.

Gladys Williams has been teaching at Studley, but will be giving up this work shortly.

Pearl Jephcott and Elsie Finnemore are studying for their degrees at Aberystwyth, where they seem to be having a very gay time.

Dorothy Taylor, now at Sheffield University, is taking an honours course in history.

Edith Fenn, Gertrude Clayton, Kathleen Smith and Lily Gostling are at the Cheltenham Training College.

We congratulate Laura Bennett and Daisy Lane on obtaining their teacher's certificates.

MOMENTS IN WARWICKSHIRE.

Nine o'clock at night ; a wild March wind ; black clouds scudding across the sky. Now and again a yellow moon dodges the angry clouds and throws its light upon the countryside, on the wet road shining like an oily serpent, on the brown swollen Avon, and the old barn with its ricks of hay. Then behind the clouds again and the countryside is one dark, soft shadow—the wind howls amongst the trees, then dies away, leaving an eerie silence. An owl wails mournfully in the stillness—and the wind begins again.

White mist lies in the valley, the sky is grey, it is late Autumn. Above, on Bredon Hill, they are burning wood and the blue smoke winds upwards, distinct against the sky. The round red sun slants through the beeches in the copse, on to the ground strewn with red brown leaves, and spreads warmth into the air. Slowly it falls to its death and as it dies behind the hill, the air grows chill and the white mist creeps higher.

A white world, snow lies untinged, under a blue haze. All is white, save the trees that are naked and brown, white and dead, for there is no life anywhere. The tiny cottages lie wrapt cosily in the blanket of snow, and are hidden completely except for the windows which peep forth like eyes. The Alne hills lose their contour in the grey sky, the few tiny cloudlets are lonely and motionless. The silence is deep.

Brown, rich earth, under the blue sky, rippled with white, lies undulating in the dark pine woods. In the woods Spring has come. On the moss-covered ground primroses and pale anemones lie. On the blades of grass great diamonds of dew sparkle, unshaken by the gentle wind that sighs among the pine tree tops. The fronds uncurl themselves in the spring sunlight, a blackbird calls, the smell of new earth is everywhere. Life is insistent. Squirrels dart in the trees, small weasels run from the shelter of a bush, and rabbits peep furtively from their holes. All the Three Oak Wood is throbbing with life ; joyous and young.

M.A.

THE FANCY FAIR.

The Fancy Fair held on February 20th was in every way a success. The proceeds, minus the expenses, reached the sum of sixty-five pounds.

Mr. Wells opened the proceedings by a short speech from the foot of the stairs.

The whole school wore a very festive appearance. The corridors and classrooms were all decorated. The decorations were done after a Spring scheme.

Entertainments went on in the Hall the whole of the time. They were of two descriptions, an Elizabethian scene accompanied by two old-time dances, and a humorous concert. In the former M. Farquhar made a realistic Queen Elizabeth. One almost felt oneself trembling before the wrath of her most mighty highness.

The humorous entertainment consisted of various amusing items, most amusing of which perhaps were the two beggars.

Competitions were held in IIIB and IIIA rooms. The staff baby competition was very popular. Although I must say all the staff seemed to have changed a great deal since their babyhood, not one familiar face could I recognise,

Hammering the nail in the block with three "smacks" as it was described was a great attraction, the only objection being that two of the "smacks" at least usually descended upon the unfortunate competitors fingers.

The White Elephant stall was in IV. B room. To judge by the pile of white elephants one would think the scholars of the A.G.S. were very hard to satisfy in the way of presents.

In IV. A were the second-hand books and work stalls. On the work stall was a wide spread selection of pretty and useful things. I myself would have been the purchaser of many of them, but alas ! my purse is not bottomless.

The dining room was turned into a tea room. Sugar—real lump sugar!—was provided for the tea, the number of lumps to one cup not being rationed.

An ingenious way of getting the visitors' money was the cloak room.

A dutch auction finished up the happy day, the visitors all going away, we hope, well satisfied.

I think we may congratulate ourselves on the success of our latest experiment. If all other attempts are as successful we shall soon obtain our piano.

M.B.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY.

At the suggestion of Miss Wells, a Musical Society was formed in connection with the School, and the first meeting was held on January 12th, 1918. At this meeting Mr. Wells was elected president of the Society, P. Jephcott was appointed honorary secretary, and it was decided that members should be admitted from Form IV B and upwards.

M. James and S. Harris read a paper on "The Beginnings of Music." There were 25 members.

The next meeting was held on February 19th, and at this meeting and the one following on March 19th, M. K. Alison read a paper on the "Life of Beethoven." Of the illustrations given those of two visitors, Mrs. Browne and Mrs. Morgan, who sang and played respectively were much appreciated.

At the beginning of the Autumn term on September 24th, the Society met to arrange the dates of future meetings. M. Alison was appointed honorary secretary in place of P. Jephcott.

On October 1st Miss Wells gave a lecture on "Musical Form," and shortly after at a special meeting of the Society she gave a reading of several of Browning's musical poems, and explained and illustrated the technical terms.

On February 3rd, 1919, Miss Weatherup lectured on "The Eurhythmics of Jacques Dalcroze."

On February 20th, 1919, a "Fancy Fair" was held in the School. The object was to raise money to buy a really good school piano, which the Society feel to be an urgent necessity. The Fair was very successful as not only the Members of the Society, but the whole school contributed to make it so. The proceeds amounted to £67, the nucleus of a fund for the new piano.

At the next meeting held on March 11th E. F. Gander read a paper on "Elizabethan Music". There were many illustrations. At this meeting Miss Wells proposed that the next and last meeting in the School year, should be devoted to extracts from the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. This meeting will take place on April 4th.

The membership is now 28.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

Owing to the fact that the Magazine has not been published for some time, the 1917 examination results are being inserted in this number.

In the October Senior Local Examination, held in July, 1917, every candidate who entered from this school passed, five of them obtaining honours. Results were:

HONOURS.

1st class:—P. Alison, A. P. Jephcott and D. Taylor.

2nd class:—E. Finnemore and M. Stock.

PASSES.

G. Clayton and E. Fenn,

In the Junior Oxford Examination, held in July of the same year, fourteen candidates succeeded in gaining certificates. Results:

HONOURS LIST.

1st class:—E. F. Gander.

2nd class:—C. W. J. Baxter and M. Farquhar.

3rd class:—R. H. Mander.

PASSES.

M. James, M. Johnson, B. G. Jones, K. M. Perks, P. W. Tipping, K. M. Alison, E. T. Tipping, W. Gardner, E. Nicklin and A. E. Staff.

In addition to these results, L. Gosling gained still greater honours by passing the London Matriculation Examination.

In 1918 four members of the School succeeded in passing the Oxford Senior Examination. E. F. Gander, who did so well in the Junior Examination in 1917, gained first-class honours in senior. H. G. Williams obtained second class and M. Farquhar third class honours, while K. M. Alison passed.

The July Oxford Junior results, 1918, were:

HONOURS LIST.

2nd class:—E. A. Finnemore.

3rd class:—E. A. Baseley, P. M. Richardson and E. Bowen.

PASSES.

F. M. Andrews, N. Hill, E. N. Young, A. Anker, R. H. R. Jephcott and J. S. Wright.

Gladys Williams passed "Preliminary" earlier in the year 1918.

Dorothy Taylor, early in 1918, obtained for the School the highest honour any pupil has, so far, gained, in that she won an Edgar Allen Scholarship at Sheffield University. Later, in May, she was awarded a Warwickshire County Major Scholarship and then again, in June, she passed the London Matriculation Examination. She has now taken up her scholarship at Sheffield, and I am sure everyone wishes her a very successful career.

A. P. Jephcott and E. Finnemore also passed London Matriculation in June, and R. H. Mander succeeded in gaining a County Intermediate Scholarship in May.

Besides these successes, certain pupils won Candidate Scholarships. They were F. M. Andrews, N. Hill, P. M. Richardson, and E. N. Young.

R.H.M.

THE SCOUTS.

The Scouts have done good work since the last edition of our Magazine. In the holidays the greater majority of the boys worked at one thing or another. In the summer, especially, the Scouts did very good work, as practically all offered their services and went on farms. Besides this the boys have passed many of the scout tests, and, thanks to Sergeant Greenhill, many of the boys have been pronounced qualified by Dr. Spencer in the ambulance test, which has proved most useful on two occasions. As regards the other tests, Lieut. Hodgkinson is responsible for the successes.

During Mr. Walker's absence Mr. Wells very kindly acted as Scoutmaster, with Lieut. Hodgkinson as his assistant Scoutmaster. I am sure no one could have filled the places better than they, and all the Scouts are greatly indebted to them for the services they have rendered.

Before Mr. Walker went away the Boys worked hard collecting waste paper, sold it, and in so doing obtained enough money to buy all the instruments of their drum and fife band. In this way they not only did a good turn for their troop but for their country as well. Mr. Lester has been working with the band for a considerable time, and his efforts have been crowned with success.

Towards the end of the Christmas holidays our former Scoutmaster, Mr. Walker, was demobilised. He was given a warm welcome at the station, and the band played the popular tune "When Johnny comes marching home," and escorted him to his house. At the very first meeting Mr. Wells handed the Scouts back to him. E.B.

FOOTBALL REPORT.

The football team has been very successful this season, but owing to influenza and snowy weather very few matches have been played. All these have been won, and the team has scored a grand total of fifty-nine goals against their opponents eight.

The following are the results so far:

Oct.	12 v. Redditch Sec. School	6—1
"	19 v. Stratford and Mid. Ry.	14—1
Nov.	23 v. Evesham Grammar School	6—2
"	30 v. Redditch Sec. School	10—0
Feb.	22 v. Redditch Sec. School	8—0
Mar.	8 v. Evesham Gram. School	12—2
"	15 v. Mr. Hodgkinson's XI.	3—2

The team representing the School has usually been:—Wilson i; Bunting i, Bunting ii; Hall Heard (capt)., Betteridge; Sisam i, Anker i, Matthews, Bunting iii, Anker ii.

AN ENGLISH VILLAGE.

Nestling among certain hills is a typical little English village. It straggles down the hillside and along the valley and from the other three sides hills rise up, completely shutting in the village. It is so secluded that no sound of railways ever reaches it, no huge motor buses rush along its roads. It is quiet and peaceful, removed from all the hurry and bustle of the town.

The main road winds through the village and up the hills, away into the distance. The majority of the houses stand close to the road, little thatched cottages, most of them, with a little strip of garden separating them from the road. Many of them are pretty stone houses, very old and quaint, but now a number of them are red-brick cottages—harsh and unpleasant to the eye. About half-way through the village a little bubbling brook crosses the road.

The chief object of interest to the traveller is the Church, a huge building which seems very large for so small a village. It is very old and its size is accounted for by the fact that it was formerly a cathedral—the Cathedral of the Feldons. The Feldons was the "cleared part of the country" as opposed to the forest of Arden. Thus this small English village can boast of a very huge and ancient Church.

The traveller may, after inspecting the Church, continue his way, confident that he has seen all there is to be seen in the village, but to one who was born in the village and who lived there during childhood there is much more of interest. The hills all around are well-known to me for did I not roam about them when a tiny child? I can point out all the best views from their heights, I know where the most beautiful flowers grow. I know the best spots to which to take a book on a hot, sunny day, the pleasantest walks round the shady lanes. All these are overlooked by the traveller, but those who, like myself, were born there know the beauties of the village, all the hidden delights that only close acquaintance give.

Village life is very pleasant during spring when everything seems to wake from sleep; during summer with all its joys; during autumn with all the beauty of nature; but in winter, village life seems nothing but slush and mud, slush and mud. Yet it is far more, when the snow comes and the quietness habitual to the village gives place to intense stillness. So deeply does the snow drift among these hills that often for weeks together the roads are made practically, if not altogether impassable. Down in the valley, the hills seem to shut everything

in and stifle everything with the awful silence; yet walk briskly to the summit of one of them, if the snow will allow it, and the exercise, the freshness of the atmosphere and the lovely view cannot fail to give delight.

For my part, I love winter in a country village as much as I love other seasons, especially if it is in one particular English village—my home.

E.F.G.

THE WAR MEMORIAL.

SCENE.—A Village Street.

Characters :—

Mrs. Botlock, wife of the Vicar of Beynham.

Miss Crabton, a nondescript.

Haversham, a pessimist.

Mrs. Botlock.—I have been longing to see you, Miss Crabton. I am so anxious to have your opinion on this matter of the War Memorial for the village. Now do tell me what you think. Of course, you know that the Vicar favours the idea of a stone monument upon the Green. But there are quite a lot of people who want something of what they call practical utility; at the last meeting, someone actually proposed swimming-baths for the village. Swimming-baths, for Beynham, just fancy!

Miss Crabton.—It was I, Mrs. Botlock, who proposed that form of War Memorial, and it does seem to me a feasible suggestion, or at least not utterly impossible.

Mrs. Botlock.—Oh, er, was it you, now, really? And a very nice idea too, a very nice idea, but do you think it practicable? I am afraid the patronage would be rather limited: and there is the question of a site; the building would have to be at a considerable distance from the church, the vicarage, in short, from the centre of village life. And it would not be noticeable to anyone passing through, as would a monument of polished stone, upon which, of course, would be the names of all who enlisted. It was a little idea of my own, too, that a drinking-fountain might be fixed in connection with it—say, a flow of water from one side; and being so near the Church, we might make Huntly, the sexton, responsible for the hygienic condition of the drinking-cup, you know. Perhaps we might also have at the foot a water-trough, like one sees at street-crossings, for stray dogs.

Miss Crabton.—Surely, there are not more stray dogs than there would be patrons for a swimming-bath, in Beynham?

Miss Botlock.—Well, perhaps that is true; but the idea of extending the village hospitality to dumb animals does seem rather a nice one, to me. Dear me, who is this coming along the road? Surely it must be Mr. Haversham, what an eccentric man he is! Such very weird and depressing ideas: and really, at times, he is almost not quite nice. Must you be going on now? Well, it has been so helpful to discuss this important subject, and to have all your ideas on it. Were it not that I never miss an opportunity of converting this poor man to a reasonable view of things, I confess that I too would make my escape.

Ah, Mr. Haversham, how do you do? Dear Miss Crabton and I have just been speaking of the War Memorial. Now, do please let me have your views. I expect you agree with the Vicar, do you not?

Haversham.—Mrs. Botlock, would you mind telling me your reasons for considering a War Memorial as a necessity?

Mrs. Botlock. Really, Mr. Haversham! Well, everyone, I'm sure, would agree that we should have some sort of—dear me, what was it my husband called it?—an 'eternal commemoration of our glorious victory over evil'!

Haversham.—What victory do you consider to have been won?

Mrs. Botlock.—Oh, why—of course—the splendid principles for which we fought, which are now going to be realized.

Haversham.—Putting aside the question, whether we embarked upon such a career of death and destruction from any principles save that which decrees that man is a fighting animal—do you consider that there is the least likelihood of their realisation?

Mrs. Botlock.—Our whole hope is in the League of Nations, and God willing, we shall live to see a better world. And all of us have been made better men and women individually, by the suffering we have undergone.

Haversham.—All who survive, I suppose you mean; and what of the others? However—what is your new-kindled inspiration, Mrs. Botlock; will it make any perceptible difference to your future life; will it lead you in any way to help your fellow-creatures?

Mrs. Botlock.—I trust I have always done my best in that direction—for many years I have never failed to hold the Weekly Mothers' Meeting, to dispense regular Christmas charity, and to converse frequently with the hearts of our parishioners; also—

Haversham.—Did you ever reach their hearts?

Mrs. Botlock.—Mr. Haversham! I assure you that old women have tears in their eyes when I have finished my little talks with them.

Haversham.—I do not doubt it. Old age is ever lacking in powers of endurance. But to return to the question, Mrs. Botlock. You spoke of a 'better world' to come. Each era of human beings believes that theirs is the watch before the dawn, that their present is the darkest in history, but that they will live to see fore-gleams of daylight. Idealists like Hegel may declare that humanity is a progressive organism which advances by becoming more complete and reasonable. As a matter of fact, humanity, Mrs. Botlock, is the mute upon the mill-wheel of the Eternal, and progression is a fallacy of the human imagination. However, supposing it to advance, it does so in an uneven circular course—

Mrs. Botlock.—If I follow you rightly, in that case we should regularly arrive back in state of savagery, and surely that is an absurd conclusion.

Haversham.—During this war have we not indulged in an orgy of barbarism, unparalleled in history? And now there are some who believe that from the thistle shall figs be plucked. Nor have we

attained the object for which we sacrificed our civilisation that of crushing a race of fellow-men, of rendering Germany powerless. Not long will it be before the final deluge shall come on us, when Germany and China shall link the intellect of the former and the inexhaustible resources of the latter, to shatter what ideals are yet left to us, to plunge every race of the universe in bottomless mire, where all in one hideous confusion shall wallow and sink. Then will the round of eras be once more complete. O God! how many more weary cycles, before oblivion shall receive all creation into its infinite abyss, the end of all endeavour, which is nothingness?

Mrs. Botlock.—(obviously bored and uneasy). Well, Mr. Haversham, it *has* been nice to meet you like this. I always think that in chance conversation one's words well up straight from the heart—sort of spontaneously. And I'm sure that you have—er—helped me, in the matter we have in hand, even better than at a formal meeting in the Parish Room. (She talks on at random as they pass along the road, and seizes the first opportunity of diving for refuge into a parishioner's cottage).

M.F.

